

Dunn (J. B.)

# A MEMORIAL SERMON

UPON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

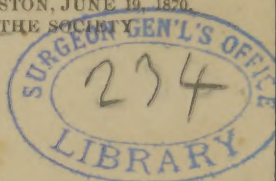
OF

## SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON,

THE CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

✓  
BY REV. JAMES B. DUNN.

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (BEACH ST.), AT THE REQUEST OF THE GYNÆCOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1870.  
AND REPRINTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY  
FOR AUGUST, 1870.



BOSTON:

JAMES CAMPBELL, 18 TREMONT STREET.

1870.



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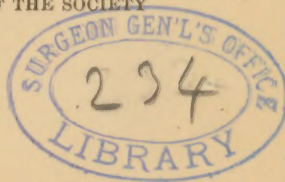
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**IN MEMORIAM**  
**SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON,**

(OF EDINBURGH).

BY REV. JAMES B. DUNN, BOSTON.

*(Delivered at the request of the Gynæcological Society, 19th June, 1870.)\**

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

— REVELATION xiv. 13.

CHIEF among the striking characters I remember to have often met years ago in the streets of my native city, were two, whose impressive forms never failed to arrest attention even in the most crowded thoroughfares. I think I see them now. That tall, broad,

\* "HOTEL PELHAM, 30th May, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR, — At the memorial meeting of the Gynæcological Society of Boston, held on the evening of May 17th, in honor of its beloved associate, the late Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, it was unanimously voted to request you to pronounce a public eulogy upon the deceased, at such time and place as you may elect.

"To the medical profession, Dr. Simpson has long stood as the type, not merely of the manliness and the wisdom, the heartiness and hospitality, that so distinguish the Scottish character, but of its devoted and beautiful religious spirit. He has been, not merely the philosopher, the discoverer, and the bold reformer of ancient abuses, — not merely the good friend of his patients and of his race, — but the steadfast servant of the Living God. As such, above and beyond all else, it is that we would honor him.

"Trusting that to accede to the wish of the Society will not seriously interfere with any of the manifold duties you have already assumed, and convinced that you do indeed mourn with us the untimely death of your great townsman,

"I am yours sincerely,

"HORATIO R. STORER, *Secretary.*

"REV. DR. DUNN."

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"187 WEST CANTON STREET, June 7, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 30th May, informing me of the action of the Gynæcological Society at its recent memorial meeting, is before me. Much as I should have preferred the duty required of me had devolved upon some one better qualified to do the subject justice, still I have no desire to shirk the responsibility, and will therefore willingly

robust, commanding figure, around whose finely formed head the silvery hair flows in wavy locks, is Professor Wilson, popularly known as Christopher North. That other, short, thick-set figure, bearing the massive head, — with hair as long if not as wavy, — like Bacchus “crowned with head of Jove,” is, in personal appearance, as remarkable. Once seen he can never be forgotten. No more can one fail to recognize the influence of his presence, and the power of his wonderful eye. To see him as he was seen but a few weeks ago, one would have thought that the vigorous vitality of that frame would have carried him at least to three-score and ten. Alas! Sir James Young Simpson — for such is he — has passed away; and, to-night, we speak of him as one that was, but whose influence still lives. For “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.” It is a solemn thing to die; solemn to think that go where we may, do what we may, our steps are constantly and inevitably tending to the tomb: —

“ And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.”

But, though solemn, there is no reason why it should be dreaded, and the subject loathed. Oh, no! for saith the Scriptures, “Blessed are the dead.” That is, those who die in the Lord; who die trusting in the Lord;

bear my humble testimony to the memory and excellences of one whom all ranks and conditions of people delighted to honor. I would therefore name the Beach Street Presbyterian Church in this city, as the place, and Sabbath evening, June the nineteenth, as the earliest time when I can, with justice to my other engagements, preach an *In Memoriam* sermon in honor of the late Sir James Young Simpson, my fellow-townsmen.

“ Yours very truly,

“ JAMES B. DUNN.

“ To DR. H. R. STORER, Secretary Gynæcological Society.”



who die having evidence of their acceptance with him. They are blessed because they have been washed in him who took away the sting of death, and won a victory over the grave. Because they are at rest. Their toils in the service of Christ, their labors in promoting his cause, are ended. In heaven from all such wearisome toil they are freed. There their works do follow them. That is, the rewards or fruits of their labors follow them.

How true this is of him who is the subject of our discourse, will be manifest if we consider that

I. *He was a self-made man.*—The heathens had a goddess whom they called Fortune. She is commonly represented standing by a wheel. From this, which she turns round and round, are drawn the blanks and prizes in which she assigns their different destinies to men, without any respect to their merits or demerits. She could not do otherwise, indeed; for, while her hand is on the wheel, a bandage is on her eyes. So some men think it is with the world; everything is of chance; some are children of fortune, others of misfortune. Nothing could be more fallacious. There is no royal road to honor. Of true greatness it may be averred that none can be born to it; none can have it thrust upon them; that he who would possess it must achieve it. To the pinnacle of conventional rank and fame the accident of birth may raise you; and this, after all, is but a borrowed lustre. If, when life's course is run, you can claim no more, then yours is but a worthless honor. If you would gain a place among the few who are truly honored, you must "climb the steep whence fame's proud temple shines afar." For example: John Bunyan was originally a tinker; Faraday, the celebrated chemist, a bookbinder; the inventor of the steam-engine, a blacksmith; John Forster, whose writings will live with our language, as well as

Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, a weaver; Cook, the distinguished navigator, a day laborer; Carey, the first of missionaries, a cobbler; and so with many others we might name, — all going to show that genius and fame have rarely arrived at the promised land without first marching through the Red Sea; lingering for a while in the wilderness, they have been pursued by the Egyptians, refused hospitality by Edom, and cursed by Balaam; and yet have triumphed in spite of all.

How true was all this with the subject of our discourse! Born at Bathgate, in 1811, of respectable, but by no means wealthy parents, he rose from obscurity, yea, from poverty (for when but a lad he went to Edinburgh, very poor and friendless), to the highest position of eminence in his profession, and took a place in the front ranks of science and literature.

It was when a poor, friendless boy he went to Edinburgh to attend some of the University courses, in hopes of bettering the education he had received in a country school, that he gave indications of that wonderful versatility of genius, which only required opportunity and diligent study to develop, so as to call forth commendation from one of the venerable professors, who urged him to compete for a scholarship, which was tenable for three years, and would help him to continue his studies in the University. Nothing daunted by his imperfect preparation, young Simpson gave himself to the work with characteristic energy and succeeded. Thus he was led to enter himself as a student of medicine. After obtaining his surgical diploma, he became a candidate for a surgeon's post in a small village in the west of Scotland. In this, to his deep chagrin, and great disappointment, he failed. Though to him it was a great blow, to the profession at large, and the good of humanity, it was a great mercy; for, had he received the appointment, he would



probably have continued a village doctor all his days. But he lived to recognize the hand of Providence in all this, and to acknowledge

“ There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we will.”

Rallying from the blow, he continued his studies at the University till at the age of twenty-one he obtained his medical degree; and so creditable was his examination that he was at the time chosen assistant to Professor Thompson in the chair of Pathology. Having occasion to lecture at times in place of his principal, he startled the old professor and others out of all propriety, with the new doctrines which he so ably expounded and illustrated; thus early giving indications of those powers which were yet to win for him such celebrity, and place him at the head of his profession, and in the front rank of the scientific men of the age.

Honors, fame, emoluments, came crowding upon him from every quarter. Colleges, and academies of medicine and science, at home and abroad, vied with each other in doing the great man honor. When but twenty-eight years of age, he was appointed successor to Professor Hamilton, in the University of Edinburgh (to the chair of midwifery). In 1849 he was elevated to the office of President of the Edinburgh Royal College of Physicians; in 1852, made President of the Medico-chirurgical Society; in 1853, Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Medicine; in 1856, he received, from the French Academy of Science, the Monthyon prize of two thousand francs, “in consideration of his important services to humanity, by the introduction of anæsthesia in obstetrics, and the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of chloroform.”

For the same causes he received the Royal Order of Knighthood of St. Olaf, from the late King of Sweden.

In 1866, he was created a Baronet, by her Majesty, Queen Victoria; and in the same year he received the D.C.L. of Oxford; in 1869, the freedom of the city of Edinburgh was conferred upon him as a special honor, by his fellow-citizens, — the first time that that honor has been conferred upon a medical practitioner in their own city, or a professor in his own University.

But it is not to enumerate the honors conferred upon Sir James Y. Simpson that we are here; it is rather to single out those features in his character that marked him a man to be honored and imitated.

II. *As a Physician.* — Sir James Young Simpson had no superior in his day. To award him this honor is no empty praise, disparaging no profession; for no one honors more than I do all professions, and all lawful callings: the weaver at the loom, the blacksmith at the anvil, the carpenter at the bench, the farmer at the plough, the laborer with the spade, the clerk behind the counter. Each and all are honorably engaged; each has his place, his appropriate and needful work and reward. But next to the ministry, the office of which we would magnify, the practice of medicine is the highest possible to man, devoted as it is exclusively to the welfare of mankind. That men have followed this profession from sordid and mercenary motives, we do not deny; but they are unworthy of the name. True men entering upon this office take up a consecrated work; they set themselves apart as the servants of mankind, subject to every call, at all seasons ready to make sacrifice. The diagnosing a case, and writing prescriptions, are mere adjuncts. Physicians are the custodians and conservators of the highest interests and most precious blessings conferred upon man. Theirs is to palliate, if they cannot prevent, and, as far as possible, remove the evils of our world and the ills of our race.



How nobly did Sir James Y. Simpson magnify his office and prosecute his work! When called, in 1839, to fill the professor's chair, many were the predictions made by his opponents, and the friends of his defeated competitor, of his inability to sustain the position, and the certainty that the University and the interests of the city would suffer from such an election. How was it? A new era dawned upon the University and the department of which he was at the head. His class-room was soon thronged as no other class-room had been before. In the chair he was the most impressive and instructive of teachers, absolutely fascinating his audience by the force of his arguments, the originality of his positions, and the fertility and appositeness of his illustrations; and medical men, long in practice, came from different parts deeming it a privilege to listen to his lectures.

At home his consulting-rooms were alike crowded with patients. Probably no physician in any country ever attracted so many patients about him as flocked to Dr. Simpson. They came from America, from Australia, from Asia, yea, from all quarters of the world, so celebrated had he become. Among the other great chiefs of medicine and surgery, such as Brodie, Hunter, Harvey, Jenner, Velpeau, Mott, and Warren, few indeed were there — so disinterested and able physicians tell us — so quick and accurate as Simpson in diagnosis, or in finding out what was the matter with his patients. Certainly no one ever excelled him in the ingenuity, and simplicity, and originality, of his treatment; and no one surpassed him in that self-possession and quick decisiveness so all-important in sudden emergencies, when the physician or surgeon has literally the issues of life and death depending on his skill. No circumstances, however complicated and pressing, ever found him unprepared to act. His unrivalled fertility of re-



source, his quick, inventive, and adaptive mind, enabled him to carry himself and his patients successfully through the most dangerous and appalling perils.

His contributions to the literature of his profession, his discoveries of new remedies, and new modes of treatment, place him in the front rank of his profession. His works are among the few works that compare with those of Hunter and the old masters. The fidelity with which he applied rigid scientific methods of research in trying to find out improvements in medical practice, the simplicity with which he describes his various methods of treating intractable diseases, render his works invaluable to the student and practitioner.

III. *As a Discoverer.* — As a professional man there are four things that will ever be associated with the name of Sir J. Y. Simpson: these are the introduction of chloroform, the stamping out of zymotic disease, the introduction of acupressure, and hospital reform.

His suggestions as to acupressure, now in daily practice, and which, in ten years, has spread over the surgical world to a greater extent than did its predecessor — the ligature — in two centuries, and the idea of stopping blood from cut arteries, by thrusting metallic needles under them and pressing them against surrounding tissue and bone, was a brilliant one, and ranks its author side by side with Ambrose Paré and the greatest surgeons who have ever lived. While the great hospital reform introduced by him, one has well said, "entitles him to the glorious appellation of having been the modern father of medicine, a second Hippocrates."

Great as were these achievements in medical science and art, sufficient indeed to render his name forever illustrious, yet even these fade into insignificance when compared with his discovery of the anæsthetic properties of chloroform. 'Tis this that has made his name

immortal, and ranked him as equal with Harvey, Hunter, and Jenner. Who can compute the sum of mortal agony which this single discovery has been the means of erasing from the lot of humanity? Other discoveries have benefited certain classes of the race, but this is a boon extending to the whole human family.

Many attempts have been made to deprive Sir James of his laurels as a discoverer. People have said this is no new thing. True indeed! for there is no new thing under the sun. The idea of the possibility of annihilating pain was held by many long before Simpson's day, or even Sir Humphrey Davy's. The Greek and Roman physicians, thousands of years ago, used anæsthetic agents, the best of which was mandragora steeped in wine. And one of England's old poets, writing in 1657, says:—

“ I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons  
To this lost limb, who, ere they show their art,  
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part.”

Not that we would by any means detract from those of our own country the honor due to them for the part they have played in the introduction of anæsthetics. All credit we would award to Dr. Morton, of this city, who used ether as an anæsthetic in dentistry, in the year 1846, and to Dr. Charles T. Jackson, for suggesting sulphuric ether to Dr. Morton, as an agent capable of producing insensibility to pain. But while doing this, we must not forget to put on record that two years before this, in 1844, Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, Connecticut, successfully performed the same anæsthetic operation in dentistry, with both sulphuric ether and nitrous oxide gas; and that when Dr. Wells, elated with his discovery, came to Boston to lay it before the medical faculty of this city, arrangements were made

to try the anæsthetic in the case of tooth extraction. But when, unfortunately for Dr. Wells's discovery, the bag was drawn away too soon, so that there was still some little pain felt during the operation, the audience, composed of several physicians and a large number of students, pronounced it a humbug, and hooted Dr. Wells out of the place. All honor, then, to whom honor is due. And Sir James Y. Simpson was the last man to pluck well-won laurels from any man's brow. Why, his last act in behalf of science was to dictate on his dying bed a statement in regard to the history of anæsthetics, in which Hartford and Boston are assigned their proper places; the honor being given to Dr. Wells, of Hartford,—a decision confirmed by the unanimous vote of the American Medical Association, recently in session at Washington.

This last generous, unselfish act of Simpson's, in the interests of an American discoverer, on behalf of science, when weak and suffering, and on a dying bed, finds a parallel in George Whitefield. After preaching at Exeter, he started for Newburyport, reaching there that evening, and expecting to preach there the next day. While at supper the pavement and the hall of the house where he sat were crowded with people who had gathered to hear him; but he was exhausted, so he requested one of the clergy, who accompanied him, to speak to them, and, taking a candle, he started for his room. But, before he reached it, his heart reproved him for even seeming to desert the people who were hungering for the bread of life. He paused on the stairway, and, with the candle still in his hand, he began to speak. The people gazed with tearful awe and affection on his venerable form. Solemnly and tenderly he addressed them, until the candle went out in its



socket. Before the morning George Whitefield was dead.

But to our subject. Ether is not chloroform, and it is with the latter that the name of Simpson is linked. And then to think how it was discovered!

IV. *His Philanthropy.*—Man is never so noble as when he forgets himself, to bless others. There are no deeds that so kindle the heart to admiration and enthusiastic praise as those in which we bear others' burdens, or volunteer to suffer and endure in their behalf. It half redeems from rebuke the vices of the savage parent, when we see him risking his own life to save that of the child; and much as we may dislike war, yet when men forget themselves for their country's sake, and for the love of others breast that surging tide of battle, and risk life and everything on earth at the call of patriotic duty, it is impossible for us not to admire and praise. And how noble do the heroism and self-sacrifice of Dr. Simpson stand forth as we see him, dissatisfied with ether as an anæsthetic, shut himself in his laboratory and try the different effects of the various contents of its many vials! See him thus! Standing there, fronting unknown dangers, experimenting with subtle and potent essences, caring nothing for himself, or his safety, or his own life, if only he might save others' lives. Wonderful! Grandest of human discoveries! When we think of its benefits and far-reaching results, we do not wonder at the physician, who, when asked how chloroform was discovered, said it must have been by inspiration. Soon after, it was tried in a most critical case, and with complete success. On that day the labors of two thousand years of investigation culminated in Simpson's demonstrating the possibility of annihilating pain, and subjecting it to human control. A new era was inaugurated for mankind. Science —

and with due reverence do we speak it — had at last succeeded in absolving woman from the curse which was pronounced upon Eve. Blessed relief! Alas! that we should have to say it, — fierce was the wrath of man against Simpson for interfering, it was alleged, with the decrees of Providence. But so it has always been. Scripture and the fathers of the Church were quoted to prove that Columbus was a heretic and an infidel for suggesting that there was another continent; and a clergyman actually published a sermon to show that Jenner, for endeavoring to check the ravages of the small-pox, was the beast of the Apocalypse. The small-pox, it was claimed, was "heaven-ordained," and any interference with it was a daring and profane violation of our holy religion. Winnowing machines were objected to, because "winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind by efforts of his own." But Dr. Simpson had a divine precedent in his attempt to master pain, — the first surgical operation on record was painless. It was performed on Adam, but not till the Lord had caused a deep sleep to fall upon him. Well did the great Chalmers counsel Simpson to pay no heed to the "small theologians," when asked what reply should be given to the biblical objections to chloroform. Language fails me as I try to give you some estimate of the inconceivable benefits the discovery of chloroform has conferred upon humanity. No discovery in ancient or modern times can be compared to it. It is a priceless boon. To surgeons everywhere Simpson had proven himself the greatest of benefactors. What untold horrors has its use not mitigated and prevented on the battle-field and in the hospital! Think of its constant use in the Crimean and Italian campaigns, without a single failure. Of like results attending the seven weeks' Austro-

Prussian war, and listen to the testimony of one of the first of U. S. army surgeons, who says that during our own bloody struggle chloroform was administered in more than one hundred and twenty thousand cases, and not more than eight cases can be found in which a fatal result can be fairly traceable to its use. Marvellous! Just think how that, in the hospitals of London and Edinburgh alone, fourteen hundred serious operations are annually performed, and what must be the vast aggregate of operations performed in all the hospitals of this and other lands! Oh, what a weight of suffering! What untold agony! What a mass of accumulated misery! What lamentation and mourning, what sighs, what groans! The heart grows sick, the spirit sinks, and the brain reels at the thought. Now let the pen of the ministering angel cancel all, and what a relief! Thus see what an amount of anguish has disappeared under the silent, soothing influence of chloroform. Twelve hundred millions of human beings that people the earth have each on their entrance into the world caused hours of maternal anguish. What mind can realize the magnitude and extent of such suffering? Now all this the general use of chloroform is destined to prevent; and how rapidly is its use being introduced! Think of the numberless manufactories of chloroform established in different countries. In Edinburgh there is one which makes from two to three million doses a year; evidence, as Simpson said, of the "great extent to which the practice is now carried of wrapping men, women, and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments of human existence."

V. *His Intellectual Greatness.* — Some writer has said "there is little difference in men's bodily stature; a fathom or thereabouts, a little more or less, is the ordi-



nary elevation of the human family." Not so is it with mental statures. Of pigmy intellects, fragile understandings to which the grasshopper is a burden, and dwarfish capacities, unable to grapple with the easiest problems, we have an abundance; but of colossal minds, tall, culminating minds, which command the entire tract of existing knowledge, minds whose horizon is their coeval hemisphere, we have but few.

Such a mind was Dr. Simpson's. His information was vast. The versatility of his genius was one of the most remarkable things about him. Not only did he enrich medical literature, in every department, by some of the most important contributions of modern times, but he was reputed to be one of the best antiquarians and archæologists of his age. His public addresses and works on these subjects are the richest in erudition and antiquarian lore ever given to the press. Take that splendid work on the sculptured stones of Scotland, written during a severe illness, or his "Notes on Magical Charmstones and Cave Sculpturings in Fife," and there is exhibited the profoundest acquaintance with this fascinating subject, and a depth of scholarship and research, for which few would have given him credit. By the kindness of a medical friend, we have been permitted to examine somewhat the former of these works, and at every page we have had to exclaim, Marvellous! Marvellous!

Those of you who have met Sir James must have been impressed with the diversity of his attainments and his almost universal knowledge. He seemed to know everything, and could talk about everything.

Then there was an originality and lucidity about his treatment of subjects, perfectly wonderful. The most abstruse became simple, and the most ordinary topics of medical discussion shone out in a new light when il-

lumined by his touch. No wonder that he attracted to his rooms, and around his table, — for he was much given to hospitality, — the most distinguished men of letters and representatives of every department of science and art. Here were daily to be met, physicians, naturalists, antiquarians, and literati of all sorts, and from all parts of the world.

I need not tell you that the industry of such a man was prodigious. How could it be otherwise? How he carried on his gigantic practice, his splendid and innumerable scientific investigations, his antiquarian and literary studies and labors; how he kept up his professional, scientific, literary, and political reading; how he worked, wrote, and spoke, and took part in every philanthropic and Christian movement that tended to advance and elevate humanity, and extend Christ's kingdom; and yet could find time for the social enjoyment and amenities of life, in which he shone, has been a mystery to everybody. We have heard of a man who wrote a book in the intervals of time spent in waiting upon people. With Simpson, this was literally the case. "Many of my most brilliant papers," he once said to his students, "were composed at the bedside of my patients." Yet he never neglected them.

That Sir James Y. Simpson had his faults, like other mortals, we well know. But these were mainly called out by the meanness, hypocrisy, and time-serving of others; conduct which he with his whole soul detested, and was not loth so to express himself concerning, thus making to himself enemies.

Other men have passed away, men eminent as physicians and surgeons, — some of them but recently. Their loss the profession mourns. The loss of Brodie and Velpeau, and Mott and Warren, and such illustrious men of the profession, who can estimate? But the loss

of Sir James Y. Simpson is second to no other loss. His profession mourns this loss; his own country, ours, every country, the whole human race mourn his loss; for to benefit the entire race of mankind was his life spent. Well did the members of the American Medical Association, at the close of its session at Washington, when the cable dispatch brought news of his death, convene in mass to do honor to his memory. Well did the President of that meeting, Dr. Thomas Miller, declare that, in the death of Sir James Y. Simpson, every medical man had met a *personal* loss, seeing how he had done more for medical science and humanity, and shed more lustre on the profession, than any one of his age, and over his grave the people of all nations must mingle tears of deepest sympathy for the loss they have sustained. Well did Dr. Storer, of this city, say at that meeting, "The nations will rise up indeed to call him blessed," and move the adoption of the following among other appropriate resolutions: "That in Dr. Simpson, American physicians recognized not merely an eminent and learned Scotch practitioner, but a philanthropist, whose love encircled the world." Well did other speakers at that meeting say, "In him science has lost one of her most earnest, original, and gifted students, society one of her brightest ornaments, and humanity one of her greatest and most useful benefactors." Well did the Gynæcological Society of this city meet in memoriam, a few days after, to do like honors to his memory, — seeing how that modern gynæcology, as well as modern surgery, is indebted to Simpson for several of its most important advances, and that Dr. Simpson was this Society's first Honorary Member. In thus honoring him, these societies have honored themselves, for he was worthy of such honor. In view of his services to humanity, well might he have said of his life, "When



the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I made the mother's heart to leap for joy."

VI. *Dr. Simpson as a Christian.*—But though much has been said, to use the words of another "the measure of his greatness is not yet full." Did we pause here, our work would be only half done, the portrait imperfect; for, with all his greatness, there would still be something lacking. Happy am I, that void can be filled, and now I bid you look upon him as a *Christian*. As a Christian physician, does Sir James Y. Simpson base his highest claim for respect and admiration. As a Christian, an earnest, sincere, devout, humble Christian, do I now ask you to think of him. We have already discovered in him a mind of exalted order, cultured and developed,—a heart full of noble and generous affections. We have now to see a spiritual nature, which grasped with tenacity the sublimest truths, exemplified them in his daily walk, and sought in every possible way to promote and propagate them. There are scientific men who dislike Christianity; not so was it with Sir James Y. Simpson. There are physicians, sorry am I to say it, that dislike Christianity, and scoff at evangelical religion; so many of them, that we love to honor the man of science who is a Christian, and not afraid to proclaim it, and the *Christian physician*. Such was Christ, whose minister we are. "Go and show John again, those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, and the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." These were the evidences of the Saviour's Messiahship. Christ went about "healing all manner of diseases, and all manner of sickness among

the people." And while engaged in this work, what glorious opportunities are presented to the Christian physician, — to point suffering ones to the Healer of souls, — to Him, who bindeth up the broken-hearted, and breaks the captive's chain!

Such physicians the profession has had, and mighty are the works they have done for Christianity. "Parker, it may be said, opened the gates of China with a lancet, when European cannon could not break a single bar. Dr. Halley entered the island of Madeira with a single companion, a sick wife, leaning on his arm; he left it with eight hundred men, won for the truth and God. Thomas was an early medical missionary in India. A Hindoo came to him with a dislocated shoulder. He reduced the luxation, and then told him of Christ who came into the world to save sinners. He was touched, subdued, soon broke caste, became a changed man,—became a Christian. He was the first Hindoo convert, and the leader of a mighty host who have since entered into the kingdom. It was Gabriel Broughton, a physician, that gave India to England. It was a physician who forced his way to the north magnetic pole, and brought to the doors of Christianity those unknown and wandering tribes of the icy north; and a physician who won Africa to civilization, and prepared a highway and a home for the African race. Physicians led in the van of that army which lifted the South Sea Islands from cannibalism, and lighted on those distant groups a civilization which is never to go out." And many are the physicians I have known, who, —

"When pain and sickness rend the brow,  
Are ministering angels found."

For there are moments of extreme suffering, which forbid the presence of clergymen. In such moments

physicians are specially required. Then in the brief intervals of rest, they, if Christians, can breathe words of comfort, of counsel, and of warning, of a world to come. Such a physician was Sir James Y. Simpson, in his latter years. I say, latter years, for it was only then that he publicly identified himself with the gospel of Christ, and felt free to speak his own Christian experiences,—though he evidently had been at heart a true disciple of Christ for some time previous. But when he came out and publicly acknowledged Christ, he then put on the whole armor of God, and gave evidence that his religion was a thing of the heart, an inward principle, directing and controlling his whole life,—a religion not limited to the closet, or the family, or the sanctuary, but which was manifest in his daily walk. On all fitting occasions he was ready to give a reason for the hope that was in him, and to commend to others, in public and in private, the salvation which was his own solace for life and for death. His labors in this cause were most abundant, notwithstanding his extensive practice, and the large drafts made upon his time from the numberless literary, scientific, and benevolent associations with which he was connected. He was most faithful in his attendance upon the sanctuary, the social prayer-meeting, and other means of grace. Frequently have we met men of his profession who never spoke disrespectfully of religion, and who would have felt themselves insulted had they been ranked among its enemies, or at least not numbered among its friends; yet who seldom attended church, and rarely, if ever, went to a prayer-meeting. Why? Oh, they had no time! their practice so extensive, and their calls so numerous,—yet, we venture to say, not one of them had anything like the demands made upon their time, as had Sir James Y. Simpson. His public efforts



for the advancement of religion were many and continuous. As a lay preacher and exhorter, he was most successful. Many of his addresses have been published by the Religious Tract Society of London, and have met with a large circulation. One of these addresses, republished in this country, and a copy of which I have, is alike as remarkable for its freshness, directness, and fervor, as for the scriptural soundness of the truths so clearly set forth and illustrated. When his last illness prostrated him, he seemed to have a premonition that this illness was unto death, and sending for his pastor he held with him much sweet and familiar converse relating to religion and death. He did not fear death; on the other hand, he was prepared to welcome it, and if he desired life, it was, as he expressed it, with a hope, if it were God's will, that he might do a little more service in the way of Hospital Reform. But, all his plans he held subject to the Divine will. On one occasion, in reply to a friend, he said, "If God takes me to-night, I feel I am resting on Christ, with the simple faith of a child." And during all his acute pains—and these were neither few nor light—he was not only resigned, but cheerful. He knew in Whom he believed, and into Whose care he had given the keeping of his soul. He loved his profession; he loved his studies, but, oh, he loved his Bible and his Saviour more! Hence, this abiding confidence and repose in dying.

Are there men of literature and science now listening to me? Oh, let me warn you to seek something better than these! Put not your trust in them, otherwise you will find them to be but Job's comforters.

You have read, it may be, the "Last Days of a Philosopher;" if not, then read it, and learn what a manual of mournful "consolations" Sir Humphrey Davy be-

queathed to the world, and why it was that great philosopher took leave of life so gloomily. Of the sons of science few have been so favored. In his grand discovery of the metallic bases, and in his more popular invention of the safety-lamp; in the command of a laboratory which opened a royal road to chemistry, and in the splendid crowds who thronged to his lectures, from the moment that he found a generous patron till he became a baronet of England, and President of the Royal Society, his whole career was a series of rare felicities. Yet with all his versatile powers, orator, philosopher, poet, and with all his distinctions glittering around him, his heart still felt hollow, and in his later journals the expressive entry was, "Very miserable." What was it that he wanted? He himself has told us, "I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others,—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm, religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, calling up the most delightful visions, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation." This religious belief Sir James had; hence his departure was so peaceful. Among his last utterances he said to a minister, who had expressed the hope that he held a firm hold of Christ, "I am afraid that I cannot say that; but I think I can touch the hem of his garment." In a letter, written to his intimate friend and former pupil, Dr. Horatio Storer, of this city, a few days before his death, while speaking of his extreme debility and approaching dissolution, he very beautifully says, "But you and I will, I hope, meet in another

world; for I look, as I hope you do, for salvation to Jesus, and to Jesus only." In view of his religious character and peaceful end, how apposite are the verses written by himself at Geneva some three years ago:—

- " Oft mid this world's ceaseless strife,  
 When flesh and spirit fail me,  
 I stop and think of another life,  
 Where ills can ne'er assail me, —  
 Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,  
 My heart shall cease its sorrow,  
 And this dark night change for the light  
 Of an everlasting morrow.
- " On earth below, there's nought but woe,  
 E'en mirth is gilded sadness;  
 But in heaven above there is nought but love,  
 With all its raptured gladness;  
 There — till I come — waits me a home,  
 All human dreams excelling,  
 In which at last, when life is past,  
 I'll find a regal dwelling.
- " Then shall be mine, through grace divine,  
 A rest that knows no ending,  
 Which my soul's eye would fain descry,  
 Though still with clay 'tis blending.  
 And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,  
 Where a Father's love has found me,  
 Oh, let me feel, through woe and weal,  
 Thy guardian arm around me."

And Sir James is dead. But his death is not, as some have said, *untimely*! Untimely? No! All this learning and experience, all this acuteness and skill, all this benevolence and piety, are not lost, not squandered. In other and grander spheres the Lord hath need of him. There is no waste of power when an able and gifted man is called from some obscure sphere to a position of dignity and responsibility. So, surely, there is no waste, no annihilation, of what is most precious, no frustration of the long education of life, when, in the very midst of their years and usefulness, God calls away the best and wisest of the sons of men, to play



their part on a wider, grander stage. Let us not mourn, then, the death of Simpson as untimely. In that very hour when he seemed to fall, he was rising to greater exaltation. Talk not, then, of his sun as having gone down while it was yet day, seeing how already he has begun to shine as the stars forever and ever. He has served his day. His end was peace; and the blessing of those that were ready to perish will crown his memory.

Never did that ancient city of Edinburgh witness such a heartfelt tribute of respect paid to the memory of any man as was paid to the memory of Sir James Y. Simpson on the day of his funeral. Cheerfully and promptly was a place offered in Westminster Abbey, where his remains might be laid, and had not his family declined the proposition, the plan would have been carried out. As it is, beautiful is the sunny slope in Warriston Cemetery where he now lies. Such a demonstration of sympathy as was exhibited on that day by the inhabitants of Edinburgh and the surrounding country, that city never witnessed. Whole columns of the daily press were taken up with a mere enumeration of the different societies which took part in the public procession. Every street on the line of march was one great mass of sympathizing humanity. Standing on the brow of the hill on which the New Town is built, one writer describes the spectacle, so very solemn and impressive: —

“The long line of mourners was seen winding its serpentine way through the dense crowd of variously dressed spectators, as the dark waters of the Rhone are said to flow unmingled through the limpid Lake of Geneva. Now and again the rays of the declining sun, striking on the gilt plates of the coffin, threw it into relief against the dark covering of the bier, while the sable plumes overshadowing the canopy kept nodding time

to the solemn movement of the car. But the grave reached, dust is committed to dust, the solemn silence alone broken by the chirping notes of a little bird that had perched on the topmost branch of a tree at the foot of the grave. And when the last turf had been laid, and the crowd, many of whose manly cheeks were wet with honest tears, had turned away — as if nature herself could not refrain from shedding a tear over so great and good a man, the sky, which up to that moment had been unclouded, became overcast, and a gentle rain began to fall.”

From this touching scene, as well as interesting subject, time reminds us we must turn away. And what shall we say in parting? In his profession, a vacant place has been made. Who shall fill it? Oh! that I could persuade *you*, members of the medical profession, to lift up the banner he has dropped, and step into the place which he has left empty, and, as *Christian* physicians, live as he lived, for the good of your race, and the glory of God! “Another man to take the colors!” was the cry in one of the regiments on a recent battle-field; they lay on the ground, and the gallant young standard-bearer bleeding beside them. It was answered, bravely answered. Through the smoke of battle the sun glanced again on the levelled line of muskets, and another volley rang. Again that cry, “Another man to take the colors!” Stepping forth, one bent him over the dead, loosed the staff from the dead man’s fingers, and flung the flag on high in the face of the foe; yet another volley rang; he, too, goes down, and a third time the cry arose, terrible above the roar of the battle, “Another man to take the colors!” The earth is still a battle-field, and Christ’s banner is still to be borne upon the arms of faith, and on through the very fire of the conflict. Over all the field, Christ’s cause stands in need of men of might, men of prayer, men that can wield the

sword of the Spirit, and carry the banner of the cross. And to-night, with that fallen standard-bearer at our feet, we would raise the old battle-cry, "Another man to take the colors!"

My friends, from this night begin life aright. A Christian life is the only one worth living on earth; any other soon fades away to dregs; and such dregs! The memory of the saints is blessed; the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Oh, remember the world is evanescent, and think, oh, think of that life that never ends! Put yourself in thought far away beyond these shifting, cheating scenes; soar above this fire-doomed earth, and its shows and pomps. See the great globe with all its cities and palaces shrinking to an atom; leave time behind you, take your place among the angel choir that sweep their golden harps before the throne, where our Christian physician has gone, and ask yourselves then what this life should be, fitting for such a sphere. And remember that preparation for that sphere must be begun here, and now. If hitherto you have held aloof, come, oh, come now. "Mark thou the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the latter end of that man is peace." Will you not come? Time presses. How fast this sand-glass runs! The hand on that clock moves steadily on, rapidly round to the final hour. It may now strike. Leap for your life! Alas! for your souls. Quick, lest the door be shut, and your doom is sealed. Enter now. And oh, the joy, the peace, peace even here, — for this to the believer Christ bequeathed, — and the dying that peace will raise into triumph, the triumph that smiles at death, and sings of victory, and sees the heaven opened and longs to enter in. Then on the tombstone, write, "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*"









